

Being the Last SPEECH and CONFESSION of Nine Malefactors,
and Betrayers of the ALIYAH and ALIBETTIES of the Good People of ENGLAND.

The Triumph of Justice.

I am glad the happy Time is come, when Justice dare appear in open view. I am blind indeed, so ignorant my impatience
of Disposition of Justice to all the World; but who may Regret me? my Friends I wept over, no Place has been
Market; and among all the Countries I wept over, my Tears are always open to the Empathies of
the most unhappy Nation in the World. This Place has bred the Abominations of Mankind, and under what Villainies has she
people. I have wepted since Men in my Balance, and have found some she left us that never shall bore; where
she framed Foundations, I have brought some of the Better parts of your Country to be punished in the hands of the
autour Noble English Priests, & will never forsake you: And that you may believe I resolve to follow you upon
but could never give you half done, Left the Work but half done,
An Evidence too far a reach I could make, In Court Ecclesiastick could hector the Church,
If you quellion my Eyes, I appeal to my Nose,
My Eyes are the Vouchers of what I depole,
Which the Mother nre bore, nor the Father nre got?
Spy'd a Child breaking hosc,
Twixt the Curtais I goe,
Ere I'd suffer the Curse to be let in the Church.
An Evidence too far a reach I could make,
In Court Ecclesiastick could hector the Church,
On the Bench I could roar till I made the Walls shake,
The World curs'd me for't, but I knew whom to please
For I never gave Quarter where once I did fizze,
My Brethren more detracive, I ween I can for their One;
Left the Work but half done,
The Sword and the Gun
But could sentence a Prisoner, and then break a Jele,
I car'd not for Precedents, Conscience of Law,
Bear witness all you whom I have hang'd in the Way,
Take warning by me ye Subjects of Charcters,
For betraying Fair London, her Gates claim my Quarter,
A Slave to Ambition, that ends in a Rope,
To the Devil and the Scops, (Verse)
By our selves writ in Prole, by Friend Bony put in
'Tis the dolfull Story you credid hear,
Unto the Confection that we shall recharche,
GOOD English-men, Women, and Children give ear,

From Triumphant: for by such Justice Hell can't be appedged.
fore now my Swords stakes place, I have brought them to judgment, and lets all the Ne-
tive frameg Foundation, I have brought some of the Better parts of your Country to be punished in the hands of the
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A Sentence chas made me abhor'd by mankind,
Yet was sorry that I do worse Penance could find.
On yesterdays I fatten'd, and stuck like a Bur,
Like a Doglick'd his Feet, Iunk my Tail, hang my Ears;
But as late my Partner took me out like a Bur,
Like a Doglick'd his Feet, Iunk my Tail, hang my Ears;
A Misfortune chas cost me many Salt Tears,
Before I withdraw,
Take a word of Good Council to keep you in awe:
But Ighamr will never difpense with the Crime,
And now of our Treachery reap the just Fruits,
Furich'd by destroying the Free Corporations,
Subjects were we, by some call'd the Peoples Allies,
Who for Peal made no bones of destroying three Nations.
And mak's ev'n the Hangman ashamed of his Place;
Does the Gallows Diffrace,
H'ce Grudges his Office on such wicked Elves,
Like Blood-hounds could detect trouly and out the Game,
Like Villains abandoning Conscience and Shame,
No Practice we baulk'd, but could Baulk Fortune, Foe and Life;
While a Kernel of Villainies kept up the Cry.
Whom we then brought to Murders, and now to the Gallows,
With a leach of vice Formen of Juries that follows,
Our Number falls right, and we claim priviledge we,
Make room for such Vartics as are cumber'd Sledg's,
Like a true Troy Breed,
To shew our selves agreed, made th' innocent bleed;
And after like Micrancies brag'd of our jobs,
But we must give place to our Doctor Alles.
R om, room for Old Age, the Scourge of the Nation,
Through all my Distresses I cannot escape,
I had better have stuck to my Trade of Translation,
Then have understock to be guide to the Crepe:
And taught them to draw
Good found true Divinity out of false Law,
Which I pocketed up, and shew taught at the Nations,
The Rights of the Subject by me were well known;
The Frame of our Government none better knew:
But with Fools, not Phallophebs, I had to do.
I wrote faint my Confidence, and Knowledge, I own,
The Office of our Governor none better knew;
But with Fools, not Phallophebs, I had to do.
Young Jack, will get practice, who at present has none;
I may ride Tammy, but you must be rid,
You shall never be rid,
Do but do as you're bid,
Diffrance with the Laws, we'll diffrance in that Case;
And that you, Brother Hol, are not fit for that Place,
The Office of Judge, this true, is a Truth is,
To the words of Lord Wm, in an Eloquent Speech,
And if you know more, give ear, I beseech,
I was to bring Arryferyng that I came,
To conceal'd in Vain,
It's best to be plain,
Of Old none but Lawyers were fit for that Station;
Should all on a sudden be clothe'd in Scarfes,
As I am, and of no Vice Reputation,
This Master of wonderment, how much a Varlet
So farewell, and take notice that now my Dream's out,
'Twill sooner or later bring hanging about,
Seem'd needless, for those that Country better,
Of Caution to fly,
Thus much by the way.